

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Brothers to go seeke else-where, but in your madnesse
You bury brother-hood.

Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,
That ye shall giue me leaue to make my choise
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I shortly meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you must confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse
To aduance my state to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, here is the Messenger return'd from France.

Enter Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, what letters? Or what newes?

Mes. No Letters my Lord,
And such Newes, as without your highnesse pardon,
I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,
What saide Lewis to our Letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his very wordes.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Ed. Is Lewis so braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what sayde Lady *Bona* to these wrongs?

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his sake.

Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed she could say little lesse. But what said *Henries* Queene,
For

Yorke and Lancaster.

For as I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done
And I am ready to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to play the Amazon.
But what saide *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, durst the Traitor breath out such proud words
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Mes. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwicke*s daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerset

Ed. *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwicke*,
What say you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?

Glo. I my Lord, in despite of all that shall withstand
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
But that I should be valiant and stand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away,

Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an army presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You aboute all the rest are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.

Mont. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours Edwards cause,

Edw. It shall suffice, Come then let's march away.
Exeunt